

NUMBER 28.



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The new tenants of three adjoining villas in the London suburbs are Admiral Hay Donover, with a son Harold; Dr. Walker, with two motherless daughters, Clara and Ida, and Mrs. Westmacott and her nephew Charles. Mrs. Westmacott is one of the muscular, emancipated sisterhood, with radical views and manners.

CHAPTER III.—There is a common tennis court for the villas, and the neighbors quickly get acquainted. Young Donover is attracted to Ida Walker and Charles Westmacott to Clara. The doctor is fascinated by the brilliant Mrs. Westmacott and lends his name to advance the cause of woman's rights. IV.—Clara is mystified by the half confidence of Charles and her sister Ida. The latter couples the name of Harold Donover with her secret.

CHAPTER V.
A NAVAL CONQUEST.

It was the habit of the doctor and the admiral to accompany each other upon a morning ramble between their vast and ample lawns. The two dwellers in these quiet tree-lined roads were accustomed to see the two figures—the long, thin, austere seaman and the short, bustling, tweed-clad physician—pass and re-pass with such regularity that a stopped clock has been reset by them. The admiral took two steps to his companion's three, and the younger man was the quicker, and both were equal to a good five miles an hour.

It was a lovely summer day when followed the events which have been described. The sky was of the deepest blue, with a few white fleecy clouds drifting lazily across it, and the air was a bit with the low drone of insects or with a sudden sharper note as a bee or butterfly darted with its quivering long drawn arm, like an insect, into a flower. As the friends turned, each rising which could see to the Crystal Palace, they could see the sun clouds of London stretching along the northern skyline, with a spire or dome breaking through the low lying haze. The admiral was in high spirits for the morning post and brought good news of his son.

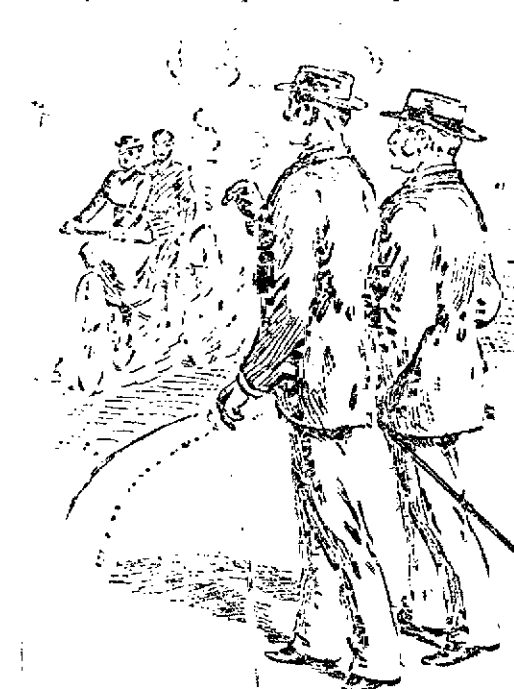
"It is wonderful, Walker," he was saying, "positively wonderful, the way that boy of mine has gone ahead during the last three years. We heard from Pearson today. Pearson is the senior partner, you know, and my boy the junior—Pearson & Donover the firm. Cunning old dog is Pearson, as cute and as greedy as a Rio shark. Yet he goes off for a fortnight's leave and puts my boy in full charge, with all that immense business in his hands, and a free hand to do what he likes with it. How's that for confidence, and no only three years upon 'change'?"

"Any one would confide in him. His face is a surety," said the doctor. "Go on, Walker. The admiral dug his elbow at him. "You know my weak side. Still, it's true at the same. I've been blessed with a good wife and a good son, and may be I wish them the more for having been out of them so long. I have much to be thankful for."

"And so have I. The best two girls that ever stepped. There's Clara, who is learned as much medicine as woman give her the U. S. A. simply in order that she may sympathize with me in my work. But, and, what is this coming along?"

"A. Drawing and the wind astern!" cried the admiral. "Fourteen knots it's one. Why, by George, it is that woman!"

A rolling cloud of yellow dust had streamed round the curve of the road, and from the heart of it had emerged a high tandem trike lying along at a tremendous pace. In front sat Mrs. Westmacott clad in a leather tweed jacket, a skirt which just passed her knees and a pair of thick gaiters of the same material. She had a great bundle of red papers under her arm, while Charles, who sat behind her, had in Harold's jacket and a knickerbocker, bore a similar one protruding from either pocket. Even as they watched, the pair eased up, the trike slowing off, and one of her feet was upon the gear cranking of an empty house, and then jumping on to her seat again was a shout to hurry onward when her nephew called her attention to the two gentlemen upon the footpath.



"But, hullo, what is this coming along?" "Oh, now, really I didn't notice you," said she, making a few turns of the treadle and steering the machine across to them. "Is it not a beautiful morning?" "Lovely," answered the doctor. "You seem to be very busy."

"I am very busy," she pointed to the colored paper which she had taken from the trike. "We have been using our propaganda, you see. Charles and I have been at it since 7 o'clock. It is about

our meeting. I wish it to be a great success. See?" She pointed out one of the girls, and the doctor read his own name in great black letters across the bottom.

"We don't forget our chairman, you see. Everybody is coming. Those two dear little maidens opposite, the Williamses, held out some time, but I have their promise now. Admiration, I am sure that you wish us well."

"Hm! I wish you no harm, ma'am."

"You will come on the platform?"

"No, ma'am. No, I don't think I can do that."

"To our meeting, then?"

"No, ma'am. I don't go out after dinner."

"Oh, yes, you will come! I will call in 15 minutes and call it over with you when you come home. We have not broadcast yet. Goodbye! There was a waft of wind, and the yellow cloud rolled away down the road again. By some legitimate admiral's hand, that he was standing in his right and one of the onlookers of the scene, he crumpled it up and threw it into the roadway."

"She is a good girl," said the doctor, as he resumed his walk. "I've never been just into doing a thing, yet, whether by woman or man."

"It is not a better man," answered the doctor, "but I rather think that the odds are in favor of your going."

The admiral had hardly got home and just seated himself in his dining room when the attack upon him was renewed. It was slow and lovingly unrelenting. The Times, preparatory to the long road which led up to luncheon, and had even got so far as to listen to his golden silence on his thin high bridged nose, when he heard a strident cry of "The admiral!" coming up the garden walk. She was still dressed in the singular costume which offended the sailor's old-fashioned notions of propriety, but he could not deny as he looked at her that she was a very nice woman. In many places he had looked upon women of all shades and ages, but never upon a more clear cut, handsome face, nor a more erect, sturdy and womanly figure. He ceased to growl as he gazed upon her, and the brown was smothered away from his rugged brow.

"May I come in?" said she, framing herself in the open window with a background of greenward and blue sky. "I see like an invader deep in an enemy's country."

"This is a very welcome invasion, ma'am," said he, clearing his throat and pulling at his collar. "Try this garden chair. What is there that I can do for you? Shall I ring and let Mrs. Donover know that you are here?"

"Pray do not trouble, admiral. I only looked in with reference to our little chat this morning. I wish that you would give us your powerful support at our coming meeting for the improvement of the condition of woman."

"No, ma'am. I can't do that," he pursued up his lips and shook his grizzled head.

"And why not?"

"Against my principles, ma'am."

"But why?"

"Because woman has her duties, and man has his. I may be old-fashioned, but that is my view. Why, what is the doctor coming to? I was saying to Dr. Walker only last night that we shall have a woman wanting to command the Channel, too, next."

"That is one of the few professions which cannot be improved," said Mrs. Westmacott, with her sweetest smile. "Poor woman must still look to man for protection."

"I don't like those new fangled ideas, ma'am. I tell you honestly I don't. I like discipline, and I think every one is the better for it. Women have got a great deal which they had not in the days of our fathers. They have universities and, for themselves, I think, and there are women doctors, I hear. Surely they should rest contented. What more can they want?"

"You are a sailor, and sailors are always chivalrous. If you could see how things really are, you would change your opinion. What are the poor things to do? There are so many of them and so few things to which they can turn their hands. Governesses? But there are hardly any situations. Music and drawing? There is not one in fifty who has any special talent in that direction. Medicine? It is still surrounded with difficulties for women, and it takes many years and a small fortune to qualify. Nursing? It is hard work, it is said, and none but the strongest can stand it. What would you have them do then, admiral? Sit down and starve?"

"But, and I is not so bad as that."

"The pressure is terrible. Advertise for a lady companion at 10 shillings a week, which is less than a cook's wage, and see how many answers you get. There is no hope, no outlet for these struggling thousands. Life is a cruel, sordid struggle, leading down to a cheerless old age. Yet when we try to bring some little ray of hope, some chance, however distant, of something better we are told by chivalrous gentlemen that it is against their principles to help."

"The admiral winced, but shook his head in dissent."

"Therefore, standing the law veterinary surgery, government offices, the civil service, all these castles, be thrown free to women if they have brains enough to compete successfully for them."

Then if woman were unsuccessful, it would be her own fault, and the majority of the population of this country could no longer complain that they live under a different law from the minority, and that they are held down in poverty and servitude, with every road to independence sealed to them."

"What would you propose to do, ma'am?"

"To set the more obvious injustices right, and so to pave the way for a reform. Now, look at that man digging in the field. I know him. He can neither read nor write, he is steeped in whisky, and he has as much intelligence as the potatoes that he is digging. Yet the man has a vote, can possibly turn the scale of an election and may be to decide the policy of his empire. Now, to take the nearest example, here am I—a woman who has had some education, who has traveled, and who has seen and studied the institutions of many countries. I hold considerable property, and I pay more in imperial taxes than that man spends in whisky, which is saying a great deal, and yet I have no more direct influence upon the disposal of the money which I pay than that digger who creeps along the wall. Is that right? Is it fair?"

The admiral moved uneasily in his chair. "Yours is an exceptional case," said he.

"But no woman has a voice. Consider that the women are a majority in the nation. Yet if there was a question of legislation upon which all the women were agreed upon one side and all the men upon the other, it would appear that the matter was settled unanimously when more than half the population were opposed to it. Is that right?"

Again the admiral wriggled. It was very awkward for the old seaman to have a handsome woman opposite to him, bombarding him with questions to none of which he could find an answer. "Content," even get the opinions out of his guns," he explained the matter to the doctor that evening.

"Now, those are really the points that we shall lay stress upon at the meeting. The free and complete opening of the professions, the introduction of the woman, and the franchise to all women who pay queen's taxes above a certain sum. Surely there is nothing unreasonable in that—nothing which could offend your principles. We shall have medicine, law and the church, all rallying to the flag for the protection of woman. Is the navy to be the one profession absent?"

The admiral jumped out of his chair with an evil word in his throat. "There, there, ma'am," he cried. "Drop it for a time. I have heard enough. You've turned me a point or two. I won't deny it. But let's stand at that. I'm tired, I'm over."

"Certainly, admiral. We would not hurry you in your decision. But we will hope to see you on our platform." She rose and moved about in her lounging masculine fashion from one picture to another, for the walls were richly covered with reminiscences of the admiral's voyages.

"Zulu!" said she. "Surely this ship would have fared all her voyage canvas and reefed her topsails if she found herself on a lee shore with the wind on her quarter."

"Of course she would. The artist was never so far from the mark. It's the Penelope as she was on the 14th of June, 1897, in the harbor of the Straits of Banca, with the island of Banca on the starboard bow and Sumatra on the port. He painted from description, but of course, as you very sensibly say, all was sung below, and she carried storm sails and could reef her topsails, for it was blowing a cyclone from the southeast. I comprehend you, ma'am, I do indeed."

"Oh, I have done a little sailing myself—as much as a woman can aspire to, you know. This is the bay of Funchal. What a lovely sight!"

"Lovely, you say? Ah, she was lovely! That is the Andromeda. I was a mate aboard of her—she is the one I like best. I know, though I like the old name best."

"What a lovely rascal her master's name, and what a curve to her bows! She must have been a clipper."

The old sailor rubbed his hands and his eyes glinted. His old ship's ordered close upon his wife and his son in his affection.

"I know Funchal," said the lady carelessly. "A couple of years ago I had a 7-ton cutter rigged, yachts the Banshee, and we ran over to Madeira from Funchal."

"You, ma'am, in a 7-tonner?"

"With a couple of Cornish lads for a crew. Oh, it was glorious! A fortnight right out in the open, with no worries, no letters, no cables, no petty thoughts, nothing but the grand words of God, the tossing sea and the great silent sky. They talk of riding—indeed I am fond of horses, too—but what is there to compare with the swoop of a clipper as she pitches down the long steep side of a wave, and then the quiver and spring as she is tossed upward, again? Oh, it is our souls could transmute to be a seamen above all birds but, but, but, I am weary, admiral. Adieu!"

The old sailor was too transported with sympathy to say a word. He could only stare at her broad muscular hand. She was laid low down the garden path before she heard him calling her and saw his grizzled head and weather stained face looking out from behind the curtains.

"You may put me down for the platform," he cried, and vanished abashed.

Behind the curtain of his times, where his wife found him at midnight.

"I hear that you have had quite a long chat with Mrs. Westmacott," said she. "Yes, and I think that she is one of the most sensible women that I ever knew."

"Except on the woman's rights question, of course."

"Oh, I don't know. She has a good deal to say for herself on that also. In fact, mother, I have taken a platform ticket for her meeting."

CHAPTER V.
AN OLD STORY.

But this was not to be the only event-

ful conversation which Mrs. Westmacott held that day, nor was the admiral the only person in the Westmacott who was destined to find his opinions considerably changed. Two neighboring families, the Winslows from Anerley and the Cummings from Chelsea, had been invited to tennis by Mrs. Westmacott, and the lawn was gay in the evening with the bright dresses of the girls. To the other people sitting round the wicker work garden chairs, the darting, swooping, springing white figures, the sweep of skirts and twinkle of canvas shoes, the click of the rackets and sharp whizz of the balls, with the continual "forehand, backhand" of the marker, made up a merry and exciting scene. To see their sons and daughters so flushed and healthy and happy gave them also a reflected glow, and it was hard to say who had most pleasure from the game, those who played or those who watched.

Mrs. Westmacott had just finished a set when she caught a glimpse of Clara Walker sitting at one of the farther end of the ground. She ran down the court, cleared the net to the amazement of the visitors and seated herself beside her. Clara's ruse and refined nature strained somewhat from the boisterous frankness and strange manners of the widow, and yet her feminine instinct told her that beneath her peculiarities there lay much that was good and noble. She smiled at her, therefore, and did not act a greeting.

"Why aren't you playing then? Don't, for goodness' sake, begin to be languid and young again! When you give up active sports, you give up youth."

"I have played a set, Mrs. Westmacott."

"That's right, my dear. She played her upon the arm with her tennis racket. "I like you, my dear, and I am going to call you Clara. You are not as aggressive as I should wish, Clara, but still, I like you very much. Self sacrifice is a very well, you know, but we have had rather too much of it on our side and should like to see a little on the other. What do you think of my nephew Charles?"

The question was so sudden and unexpected that Clara gave quite a jump in her chair. "He is a very nice fellow, I have thought of you my nephew Charles."

"Now, Clara, you must think him well over, for I want to speak to you a sort of aim."

"Do not, but why?"

"It seemed to me most delicate. You see, Clara, the matter is a little in this way. It is quite possible that I may soon find myself in a completely new sphere of life, which will involve great duties and make it impossible for me to keep up a household which Charles can spare."

Clara started. Did this mean that she was about to marry again? What else could it point to?

"Therefore Charles must have a household of his own. That is obvious. Now, I don't approve of bachelor establishments. Do you?"

"Really, Mrs. Westmacott, I have never thought of the matter."

"Oh, you are a joss! Was there ever a girl who never thought of the matter? I think that a young man of six and twenty ought to be married."

Clara felt very uncomfortable. The widow thought and came to her as a proxy with a proposal of marriage. But how could that be? She had not spoken more than three or four times with her nephew and knew nothing more of him than he had told her on the evening before. It was impossible then. And yet, when she thought of this discussion of his private affairs?

"Do you not think yourself," she persisted, "that a young man of six and twenty is better married?"

"I should think that he is old enough to decide for himself."

"Yes, yes. He has done so. But Charles is just a little shy, just a little slow in expressing himself. I thought that I would have the way for him. Two women can arrange these things so much better. Men sometimes have a difficulty in making themselves clear."

"I really hardly follow you, Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara in despair.

"He has no profession, but he has nice tastes. He reads Browning every night. And he is most amazingly strong. When he was younger, we used to put on the gloves together, but I cannot persuade him to now, for he says he cannot play light enough. I should allow him £500, which should be enough at first."

"My dear Mrs. Westmacott," cried Clara. "I assure you that I have not the least idea what it is that you are talking of."

"Do you think your sister Ida would give my nephew Charles?"

"Her sister Ida? Quite a little thing of relief and of pleasure ran through her at the thought. Ida and Charles Westmacott. She had never thought of it. And yet they had been a good deal together. She had played tennis. They had shared the ancient rivalry. Again came the thrill of joy, and close as it was the cold questionings of conscience. Why this joy? What was the real source of it? Was it that deep down, somewhere, just back in the black recesses of the soul, there was the thought lurking that if Charles prospered, in his wooing then Harold Donover would still be free? Zow mean, how uncharitable, how uncharitable the thought! She crushed it down and thrust it aside, but still it would push up its wicked little head. She crimsoned with shame at her own baseness as she turned once more to her companion.

"I really do not know," she said.

"She is not engaged?"

"Not that I know of."

"You speak hesitatingly."

"Because I am not sure. But she may say she cannot be married."

"Quite so. I tell you that it is the most practical comment which a man can pay to a woman. She is a little shy, but when she gets times to go to the wit, I do not think she is overwise. I assure you. These things are very people always go through the slow and heavy ones, which is nature's device for the maturing of bones. But they are all going in. I think that you will allow me

that I will just take the opportunity to tell him that, as far as you know, there is no positive obstacle in the way."

"As far as I know," Clara repeated as the widow moved away to where the players were grouped round the net, or sauntering slowly toward the house. She rose to follow her, but her head was in a whirl with new thoughts, and she sat down again. Which would be best for Ida—Harold or Charles? She thought it over with as much solicitude as a mother who plans for her only child. Harold seemed to her to be in many ways the nobler and best young man whom she had known. If ever she was to love a man, it would be such a man as that. But she must not think of herself. She had reason to believe that both of these men loved her sister. Which would be the best for her? But perhaps the matter was already decided. She could not forget the scrap of conversation which she had heard the night before, nor the secret which her sister had refused to confide to her. If Ida would not tell her, there was but one person who could. She raised her eyes, and there was Harold Denver standing before her.

"You were lost in your thoughts," said he, smiling. "I hope that they were pleasant ones."

"Oh, I was planning," said she, rising. "It seems rather a waste of time, as a rule, for things have a way of working themselves out just as you least expect."

"What were you planning, then?"

"The future."

"Oh, my own and Ida's."

"And was I included in your joint futures?"

"I hope all our friends were included."

"Don't go in," said he as she began to move slowly toward the house. "I want to have a word. Let us stroll up and down the lawn. Perhaps you are cold. If you are, I could bring you out a shawl."

"Oh, no. I am not cold."

"I was speaking to your sister Ida last night. She noticed that there was a slight quiver in his voice, and glancing up at his dark, clear cut face she saw that he was very grave. She felt that it was settled—that he had come to ask her for her sister's hand."

"She is a charming girl," said he after a pause.

"Indeed, she is," cried Clara warmly. "And no one who has not lived with her and known her intimately can tell how charming and good she is. She is like a sunbeam in the house."

"No one who was not good could be absolutely happy, as she seems to be. Heaven's last gift, I think, is a mind so pure and a spirit so high that it is unable even to see what is impure and evil in the world around us. For as long as we can see it, how can we be truly happy?"

"She has a deeper side also. She does not turn it to the world, and it is not natural that she should, for she is very young. But she thinks and has aspirations of her own."

"You cannot admire her more than I do. Indeed, Miss Walker, I only ask to be brought into near relationship with her and to feel that there is a permanent bond between us."

"I had come at last. For a moment, her heart was numbed within her, and then a flood of sisterly love carried all before it. Down with that Clara thought which would still try to raise its unallowed head! She turned to Harold with sparkling eyes and words of pleasure upon her lips."

"I should wish to be near and dear to both of you," said he as he took her hand. "I should wish Ida to be my sister and you my wife."

She said nothing. She only stood looking at him with parted lips and great, dark, questioning eyes. The lawn had vanished away, the sloping gardens, the brick villa, the gardeners' say, with all a pale moon beginning to show over the chimney pots. All was gone, and she was only conscious of a dark earnest, pleading face, and of a voice far away, disconnected from herself, the voice of a man telling a woman how he loved her.

It was unhappy, said the voice, his life was a void; there was but one thing that could save him; he had come to the parting of the ways; here lay happiness and honor and all that was high and noble; here lay the soul killing round, the only life, the base pursuit of money, the sordid, selfish aims. He needed but the hand of the woman that he loved to lead him into the better path.

And how he loved her his life would show. He loved her for her sweetness, for her womanliness, for her strength. He had need of her. Would she not come to him? And then of a sudden as she listened it came home to her that the man was Harold Denver, and that she was the woman, and that all God's world was very beautiful—the greenward, the rustling leaves, the long orange slashes in the western sky. She spoke. She scarce knew what the broken words were, but she saw the light of joy shine out on his face, and her hand was still in his as they wandered amid the twilight. They said no more now, but only wandered, and felt each other's presence. All was fresh around them, familiar and yet new, tinged with the beauty of their own new found happiness.

"Did you not know it before?" he asked.

"I did not dare to think it."

"What a mask of ice I must wear! Zow could a man feel as I have done without showing it? Your sister at least knew."

"Ida?"

"It was last night. She began to raise you, I said what I felt, and then in an instant it was all out."

"But what could you—what could you see in me? Oh, I do pray that you may not regret it." The gentle heart was ruffled, and its joy by the thought of its own unworthiness.

"I don't feel that I am a saved man. You do not know how degrading this city life is, how degrading and yet how absorbing. Money forever dinks in your ear. You can think of nothing else. From the bottom of my heart I love you, and yet how can I draw back

without bringing grief to my dear old father? There was but one way in which I could defy the rain, and that was by having a home influence so pure and so high that it may brace me up against all that draws me down. I have felt that influence already. I know that when I am talking to you I am a better man. It is you who must go with me through life, or I must walk forever alone."

"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!" Still they wandered amid the darkening shadows, while one by one the stars peeped out in the blue-black sky above them. At last a chill night wind blew up from the east and brought them back to the realities of life.



"Oh, Harold, I am so happy!"

"You must go in. You will be cold."

"My father will wonder where I am. Shall I say anything to him?"

"If you like, my dear. Or I will in the morning. I must tell my mother to-night. I know how delighted she will be."

"I do hope so."

"Let me take you up the garden path. It is so dark. Your lamp is not lit yet. There is the window. The tomorrow, then, dearer."

"The tomorrow, Harold?"

"My own darling." He stooped, and their lips met for the first time. Then as she pushed open the folding windows she heard a quick firm step as it passed, down the gravelled path. A lamp was lit as she entered the room, and there was Ida, laughing about like a mischievous little fairy, in front of her.

"And have you anything to tell me?" she asked, with a solem face. Then suddenly throwing her arms round her sister's neck, "Oh, you dear, dear old Clara! I am so pleased. I am so pleased."

[To Be Continued Next Week.]

A Briton In An American Home.

"How sensibly our Americans live!" exclaimed a newly arrived Briton, determined to be completely correct in his estimate, after he had greeted his hostess and taken a brief survey of her domestic drawing room, quite short of its winter's glory and completely swathed in brown and black. "Way, my wife's rooms are quite tiresome! So full of ornaments and portieres and screens and antiques of all description. I think this way of furnishing so much more sensible."

"Oh," gasped the poor little mistress of the house, who priced herself upon her artistic arrangements. "It isn't a ways like this. You see, everything was put away and covered up after the season."

"Ah, have you a season in New York?" continued the affable visitor. This was the last straw, and the despairing hostess gave up all defense and submitted to be misinformed.

"It was real, you too, to wrestle with British denseness," she said after a while over tea. "But what an idiot that man was! The Englishman about the same time was writing home to his wife as follows: 'The American women are pretty and clever certainly, but they have lots to learn about life in general and houses in particular. Such a desert of a place! I dined in last night! It would have made you quite miserable to be obliged to eat such a room a home.'—New York Tribune."

Beating the Theaters.

"It seems to me," said the manager of one of the largest Broadway theaters, "that the free press here is worse than ever this season. The very worst specimen came along to-night. He and two young women with him, and asked me in a very off-hand manner for three good seats."

"Would you mind telling me who you are?" asked.

"Why, certainly. My father is the head piano tuner in 's factory."

"Well, I am a bouncer two weeks ago," said another manager. "I

SMALLPOX VICTIMS.

WOOLING ARRAY OF TILED PER-
SONS WHO FELL A PREY.

The Smallpox has claimed many Mem-
bers of Royal Families in All Parts of
Europe—The Record of a Time When the
Scourge Was Fatal.

Smallpox is supposed to germinate and
arrive in dirt and neglect. Yet when we
review history and learn how many royal
victims there have been we must either re-
ject this theory or concede that the dead-
ly nature of the disease is not a way and a
precept that will prove a "cleanliness is next
to godliness."

Louis XV of France, Mary II of England
and the wife of Joseph II of Austria, the Grand
Dauphin, son of Louis XV, William III, stand-
ing order of England, and his wife and
many other royal personages died of small-
pox.

Goodly Mary once said that smallpox had
given her the throne of England—not an
anxious statement, for the young Edward's
constitution was so impaired, and wrecked
by an attack that he died very soon after
going through all the outlandish stages of
the disease.

At one time the Austrian court seemed a
favorite center of Europe for the scourge.
Maria Theresa, mother of many emperors
between 1740 and 1780, was one of the
first to find the numberless victims in her
apartments removed and pictures and
furnishings placed in the cause, she
demanded a handglass, and when she
beheld her sorrow and pitted face she
threw herself upon her couch and wept,
saying that she would never appear in pub-
lic again. Her greatest fear was that she
would lose the love of her husband, whom
she idolized. Her daughter-in-law, the
empress, died of smallpox, and it is the worst
of this revolting disease.

Soon after her interment Joseph, who
was about to marry the king of Naples, was
ordered by Maria Theresa—according to an
old Austrian custom—to descend into the
tomb of her ancestors and offer a parting
prayer before ascending the throne of Ital-
y. The young princess, fearing the con-
tamination, received the message with con-
sternation, yet could not disobey her august
mother. Tremblingly she descended into
the gloomy subterranean, offered a short
prayer and returned to the palace. In a few
days her apprehensions were realized. The
dreadful disease manifested itself in its
most virulent form, and after days and
nights of suffering she died.

Queen Elizabeth, supposed to be another
victim of smallpox, visited her twice
during her life. Strange to say, although
pitted, and scarred, she objected to
one of her sisters, the duchess of Anjou, be-
cause of this face pitted with smallpox.
A short time after this she had a second
attack herself, and, although she recovered,
it was in vain, for she died of the disease.

There is something pathetic about the
bride of Margaret of Anjou, who, after be-
ing married by proxy to Henry VI, being
seized by the plague, died of smallpox, and
was buried in the same tomb as her
husband. As soon as she was taken to the
tomb, she was seized with smallpox, and
died of the disease. Old records state that
the young princess, in consequence of a
long and arduous journey, had been seized
with the disease, and died of it.

When a young girl, and my work
leaves me, I have, among the moun-
tains and jungles, to visit the villages and
then the story of the Christ who died
for them, I think of how many sons are
yet in our churches, and I may be some
of them to see the light.

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bride of Margaret of Anjou, who, after be-
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Growing a Beard.

"Come now, Hawkins," I said, "why
don't you wear a beard? You know that a
beard will not only make you look like
a man, but it will also make you look like
a man."

"I know it," he replied, "but I don't
want to. I don't want to look like a
man, I want to look like a woman."

"I know it," he replied, "but I don't
want to. I don't want to look like a
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SOME OLD STORIES.

INTERESTING TALES OF ADVENTURE
ON SEA AND LAND.

Twin Sisters, Blond and Brunette, Who
Loved a Sailor's Son—The Death of Ce-
lia and the Story of the Haunted House.

Copyright, 1883, by American Press Association.

Some years after the war was over I was
traveling through the Cumberland mountains
in eastern Kentucky. I came just as sunset
in view of a picturesque and deserted man-
sion nestled down in a covey nook at
the head of a beautiful lake.

"I don't know," he replied, "but I don't
want to. I don't want to look like a
man, I want to look like a woman."

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THE LOST BEL.

My traveling companion happened to be
a Boston drummer who was very much
sunk on himself. Just ahead of us sat a
very pretty young lady. The car was
crowded, and the young lady was very
kind and helpful. She was very kind and
helpful. She was very kind and helpful.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder—No Ammonia, No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

A PARTY IN PORT.

Exciting Scenes Among Chicago Pro-
vision Dealers.

FAVORABLE WERE V. VERO.S.

A Drop of Nine Dollars Per Barrel in a
Half Hour—Jack Cuckay Among
the Victims—Large Losses
to Dealers.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—For the past two
weeks the provision market on the board of
trade has been extremely quiet, and espe-
cially in the mess pork division. On
some days last week there was not a
single transaction in that article for
four days. There was a shadow over the
market, and everybody was afraid to
touch it.

Just before the trade became aware of
the fact that some one was "pulling"
the market, and after a time it became
a matter of general belief that a deal was
being run by a single heavy operator,
who did not appear in person, but
worked through the well-known
provision brokerage houses of J. G.
Sever & Co., E. W. Bailey & Co. and A.
C. Ziegler.

As the weeks passed it became neces-
sary for the operator to buy a large
amount of pork at high prices. Then
came the monetary stringency and, as its
grit tightened, those who had been on
pork and the list of "holders" was
ways to show the lack of any caring
speculator, began to foresee the inevitable
and to stand firm under.

This action of the grain on the manipu-
lation of the sea, and made the outcome
more uncertain. The explosion came at
the opening this morning when the sec-
retary announced from the balcony of
the trading room that the three times
above mentioned were unable to meet
their contracts, and advising those hav-
ing traces with them to close them out
under the rules.

The sound of Secretary Stone's voice
did not cease to reverberate in the
city room when he arose to close the
provision pit. The other pits were
deserted. The complained of dullness in
pork vanished as a roar went up from the
wildly excited crowd.

September pork, which closed at \$9
per barrel yesterday was the first of
the lot, at \$8.75, then \$8.50, then \$8.25,
\$7.50, \$7.25, \$6.50, and so on down by
quarters, and even cents, until the price
closed at \$5.00, a sheer descent of \$4.00
in a single hour, and about 100,000
barrels of pork were sold.

At the bottom the dealer seemed to be
about settled and the market for the
first time showed any strength. Op-
erators began to see that pork at \$5.00 per
barrel, with a loss of \$4.00 per barrel,
was a very good price, and they began to
buy. The price began to rise, and the
market was again quiet, and the market
was again quiet, and the market was
again quiet, and the market was again
quiet, and the market was again quiet.

One minute after the train plunged into
the tunnel and over the burning darkness of
a tunnel. The drummer nudged me with
his elbow.

"Now, have it," he said.

"I don't know," he said, "but I don't
want to. I don't want to look like a
man, I want to look like a woman."

"I know it," he replied, "but I don't
want to. I don't want to look like a
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THE LAW BROKEN.

Only Two Million Ounces of Silver Bought
in July.

WASHINGTON, July 3.—For the first
time since the passage of the Sherman
silver law, the treasury this month failed
to buy the full quota of 4,500,000 ounces
of silver. The total purchase for the
month was 2,200,000 ounces, leaving a
shortage of 2,300,000 ounces

One of the most striking movements in contemporary France is the formation of a new leftist party among the young men of that country, especially among the University students, which has been initiated by Mr. Charles Wagner. The name of this party is "Le Inceel, we may say it is a party—Mr. Wagner's motto is "Le Inceel." This motto has such a most extraordinary effect in France, and Messrs. Dole, Mead & Co. have gone in getting it translated and publishing it in this country.

is agains' his state of affairs that the author has taken up his voice and then. He assures the youth of France of the science of "his end," of our country is not a of "truth," that "realism" is not real, that there are such things as spiritual verities, that you not measure virtue with a yardstick of weight honor and courage with a ruler's scales. He pleads for the idea, the whole of life as against the jaser only. And his pleading was not in vain. The society of students is founded to carry out his ideas. Ideas summons several thousands, their influence is spreading. It is a heroic task to undertake, to regenerate a nation that has become as moribund as the people of the French; but the nation is to endure, the regeneration must begin, and the beginning has been made in the right place and in the right way.

SIMPLE ADVENTURES OF A MEMSAHIB.

book is published by D. Apple-
Co., and is one of the choicest
specimens of the book maker's art that
recently come to our notice. The
printing and binding are models of taste
and comfort, and the illustrations really
valuable as well as ornamental to the text.

AUGUST MAGAZINES.

August number of Harper's gives first of "The True Story of the 'Jane Goss,'" that curious character in 1702 "crowded a debating courts and a byways about it's not only with its own money, but with beaux and came from the neighborhood of St. James" and the curiosity of preachers, and other interesting men of that time. Whatever Mr. Thomas A. Cantelero is worth reading, but to those who are interested in the history of our country, the edition of Greenwich, village and especially the recollections of our grandmothers have to be read when it was a dear relic.

Richard Martinez Davis gives us a character sketch in "His Bad Angel," and one of Herbert D. Watt's recollections of life on the scoreless us what was brought by "A Cast" of the Neg.

Mr. Lowe's furnishes a rather unsatisfactory "Scene," "Brice Boes." The descriptive scenes in "Ain Gardens," "Riders of Danis," "A Queer Little Family on the Bittersweet," "Blackwater and Sha'ows" are each entertaining in their line, as are the two remaining short stories, "A Landscape by Constable" and "The Hermitage," and Susan Fenimore Cooper voices a "Lament for the Birds."

The next page is devoted to Robert Burns. Then come poems and stories, hints for housemasters, directions for ecclesiastical embroidery, and bits of useful information. Howe's book reaches to chapter XXX. A prize song, words and music, is given, and the travels of the ever-young "Brownies" in Germany and Switzerland.

In a country of sorrow, the conclusion is reached that only by suffering living, by allowing a margin of death and strength in the daily work of our families, can we realize the vivacity, the freedom from worry and seriousness, so essential to the happiness and beauty of our American women. The pleasures of children in the country, the time of enjoying sending girls to school and to college, and the more serious side of our natures ministered to by Mrs. Lyman Abbott in her friendly talks, will each meet the need of some one of the many thousand readers of this excellent home paper.

The latter is never (1), and this month's exciting story and the frontispiece suggests the idea of inviting the editor to Colorado to its appropriate legends to our own peaks and canons, which could be illustrated in our guide books and give the added interest of poetic association to our magnificent scenery.

"A pauper's Daughter at Home" is a happy domestic life and his methods of work. He incidentally reviews any other book by a literary aspirations devoted to earning their living in any way open to them, for "if you have it in you to write anything you will surely find time to do it."
 A welcome and vigorous protest against the pessimistic novel of the day. Robert Buchanan's book, "The Diadem of Power," ending with an appeal to the common sense of cheerfulness to send a message.

"From every face of man or woman
 The gift of gladness will be gone,
 And laugh will be thought inhuman."
 To those who like to stay at home and
 take the "grave" of others, the adventures
 of the party on the "Ruins" will give
 color to more serious works. This
 party they reach St. Kitt's, named for
 a discoverer, Christopher Columbus.

But by far the most entertaining series of articles is that on "My First Book," a dozen famous writers, and which functions as though they had been "talked" in a social hour.

The "Memoirs of a Ferris Nihilist," as dramatic as usual, and the story "A Save of the Ring" is an amusing one to read a out.

The *Idler's* club (discusses the ever-present subject of "tipping," scoring against American "travellers on passage," and concludes that it will die out in human nature.

The August number of the Cooraco magazine may be called most appropriately a "Columbia Number." Mr. William Pipe, secretary of the committee, giving in charge the Religious Congress, takes place in Chicago in September, writes most entertainingly on "The Faith of the World," while Rappi Seward, a rabbi of Richmond, Va., discusses a delegate to the Jewish Congress, gives a record of the earnest men who will represent "Columbia at the World's Fair," and takes occasion to emphasize the fundamentalism of the nineteenth century rabbi. As that Judaism is a good and useful in any sense a nationality. Mr. William Saaw Warc, are superintendent of the Cooraco Mining Exhibit, opens in the sense of that display, showing that it is quality and not quantity that tells in busy times. Mr. John Moncey writes entertainingly of A broad Duror, "Neapolitan Romance" is discussed, and Charles Earle is actor of "A Few Synonyms" is as entertaining as a story. The article on "Cooraco and its Resources," prepared under the su-

persions of Mr. C. S. Fauror, Superintendent Agricultural Department for Colorado, World's Columbian Exposition, is full of information for World's Fair readers, and, coming as it does after a day's carefully sowing of the past two weeks, will doubtless convince our Eastern friends that Coloradoans still have much for which to live and that with such an abundance and variety of resources at their command the future of the Centennial State cannot be overclouded.

"Tippincoff's was one of the first of the magazines to adopt the custom of a complete novel, of considerable length in each number, and the stories printed in this magazine include a number of works of fiction of importance. By no means the worst of these is "In the Mists of A.urus," which appears in the July number. It is written by Roger Barr Luke Suary, and is a well-annotated and well-told account of the rather mild adventures of a New York reporter during his vacation visit to Canada. Anna there is no law against the law." Robinson Watson has an interesting article on Zachary Taylor, and E. is it Edward or Eleanor? Leslie Williams writes entertainingly of William Bush, who lived nearly a hundred years ago, in this old place, and of whom it was said, "He surpassed in ability any other snip-carver in the world." The novel series of novelettes is continued by Valerie Lays Berry, whose story is entitled, "One's Boz-day."

The long story in Godey's Magazine for July is "A Problem Unsovet," by W. C. Henderson. It is a story with a text, the sentence which serves as its purpose being from Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "The Intellectual Life," as follows: "I believe that for an intellectual man only two courses are open; either he ought to marry some simple, dignified woman, who will bear him children and see to the household matters, and love him in a trusting spirit without jealousy of his occupations; or else, on the other hand, he ought to marry some highly intelligent lady, able to carry her education far beyond school experiences, and willing to become a companion in the arduous path of intellectual labor." The woman whom John Mead marries is neither of these, and the results are worked out with some ingenuity and interest. The air of the story is not as natural as it might be, and the result, as suggested by the title, is inconclusive. Other articles of the number are "The Flower Yards of Paris," "Music at the Columbian Exposition," and a good short story, "Diana," by Lee C. Hardy. The number also contains two of the colored portraits which have been made a feature of Godey's.

The August number of Scribner's bears the inscription of "Fiction Number," and contains no less than six of those story stories which are the special delight of the desultory and languorous summer reader. These are "The House on the Hill-top," "A Tale of Modern Euribia," by Grace Cary Canning; "Genesis and Mass," by Edward Zue; "Tlemann's "Ducky Book," by E. C. Bunner; "Her Dying Words," by Thos. Bailey Aldrich; "The Flight of Bercey Lane," Sarah Orne Jewett; and "The Wedding Journey of Mrs. Zaintree," born Greenleaf," by William Henry Deacon. Differing widely in character, the relative merits of these stories is very largely a matter of taste, but on literary style and general excellence none surpasses that of Mr. Aldrich. The fourth in the series on "Men's Occupations" is by Julian Ralph, who has special qualifications for treating "The Newspaper Correspondent." Mr. F. A. Aldrich contributes an illustrated article on "Types and People of the Fair."

STEELE NOTES.
 A book that is of particular interest at this time is "The Silver Situation in the United States," by Professor J. W. Laussig of Harvard, published as No. 72 in Putnam's Questions of the Day series. Professor Laussig is a gold monometallist, but he presents the argument for bimetallism more fairly and fully than most economists of his school. People on this part of the country do not agree with him, and his answers to the bimetallist argument do not seem to us to be at all conclusive. The book is—perhaps worth reading as a dispassionate statement of the position occupied by the advocates of the gold standard. Those who are seeking ready ways to inform themselves as to the wits and other statements of seceders. One of the most valuable books we know of for facts on the silver question is Mr. S. Dana Gordon's "Silver in Europe," published by Yacimian & Co.

Harper's Bazar for July 20 contains: "Little Paul," a farce, by Miss Grace C. Furniss, author of "A Box of Confections," and other popular plays for amateurs; a short story by Howard Beech, entitled "A Knight Errant of the Plains;" and the first of a short series of papers of great interest to art amateurs and decorators, entitled "The Elements of Floral Design," by Louis Meac.

Illustrations of Colorado mining camps, a portrait of Governor Waite, and articles upon the Governor and upon the situation in this State. Another fine illustration, article is on the Yellowstone Park, and there is a page of portraits of the leading men in the German Reichstag. Starting is scintillating, for which we believe the managing editor is not responsible. Harper's Weekly was never better than it is under the present managing editor, Mr. R. B. Sinclair.

That literature and science in France tend to separate is the conviction of César Béraud, a critical observer. "Fiction, for instance," he says, "the naturalism which was a glorification of science seems to be nearing its end. With the precise quasi-medical descriptions of maladies, physical and moral—with the physiology of a Claude Bernard, which is to us as exact and pure as a zest—is lost contact with the interior of things rather than of mind, we are disgusted and we want something else. The physiologists, be it M. Bourget, or M. Provost, or M. Yvernet, are as wise as the poets."

seated troupes, states of mind, wa-
are to him the principal. The
of the literary art. No doubt
there creeps in a little positive
science—even, it may be said, some psy-
chology—in their writings, but the
enters into all the phenomena of mental
life and into the composition of all our
actions; and it is ceasing to be the
aim and is becoming the means. Hence
it happens that the ethic—or, to use a
less pretentious word, the moral charac-
ter—of literature is regaining im-
portance. The most of our men of let-
ters are writers with a thesis—over
those who seem to sacrifice the ease, to
the ease of proving a truth and the
most wayward allow themselves to be
impressed by the serious problems
of the moment. In poetry, too, symbo-
lism—efforts to express what young gen-
erations call the mystery of thought—is
a sign of the general state of men's
minds. It is the same with the historian
in the choice of subject and with the
character and part some assign to criti-
cism. "What our art," the disinterested
ment literature, are parades that have
and their day, as well as descriptions of
gross realities. The object of our best
writers appears to be to teach men what
one of them calls the "divorced present ex-
action moral."

A feature of the Midsummer Holiday Century will be a particularly interesting yachting article by W. P. Stephens, recounting the various contests for the "America's Cup." The yacht "America," which crossed the ocean in the summer of 1851, first won this cup, which, in 1877, was made "a perpetual challenge-cup for friendly competition between foreign countries." Mr. Stephens's article induces pictures from photographs of the best known American yachts, together with comparison of old and new types.

Among the most noteworthy magazine articles of the year will be three papers written and illustrated by Edwin Lord Weiss, and describing the journey from the Black Sea to the Persian Gulf, on which Theodore Child lost his life. The first will appear in the October *Harper's Magazine*, and will be called "From Trebizond to Carreez, or Carnvan." The text is made up from Mr. Weiss's diary, and the illustrations, painted from sketches made along the way, are unusually strong and suggestive.

There are situations in Mr. Marion Crawford's novels which indicate a keen appreciation of dramatic effect, on the part of the author. But this does not prove that Mr. Crawford can write a good play, and Mr. Day's experiment with the novelists' drama will, as we said, win great interest. Much curiosity as to how this experiment concerning Mr. Henry James's "oracoming play," The worst which novelists prepare for the stage are apt to be painfully poor.

It is not usual for writers to illustrate their articles, nor, as a rule, are illustrators willing to put their pens in evidence with their brushes. Two exceptions appear in the August: Barbara's Frederic Remington wrote as well as illustrated the account of a canoe trip which is printed under the title "Back Water and Sandalwood," and William Hamlin Gibson is the author as well as the illustrator of "A Queer Little Family on the Silverweave," a veranda story in natural history.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson's new novel, "Captions," will probably not appear until the autumn, the author being engaged in extensive revisions. It is pleasant to learn that with his forthcoming tale of the South Seas, to be called "Tobacco," his collaboration with Mr. Lloyd Osbourne in the production of fiction ceases. Mr. Stevenson will, we think, do better work alone.

"Who appreciates your books the more—men or women?" Sir William Fraser quotes himself as saying to Maceray. "Women," was the answer of the novelist; "women and clever men."

M. Augustine Dautez is seriously ill and can no longer appear in public.

Thackeray and the Men of To-Day.

go to races and get to crims and the combinations of a dominoe stuff, to go to comic opera and get up an affair with a chorus girl. These are our "big aims." "—Heaven save the mark!—I know of a man who the other night roared himself in howling and did a tremendous dance. Fancy it—a man! Cray's this day of yauvevi e. We find the commonest man more interesting than Hamlet, and we prefer "Cararra-boom-e-e" to "Olympia" the tragicienne. Our plans are packed with concert; 22. Classics? The "Daddy wouldn't buy me a Bow-wow" order. To have the honor of the acquaintance of one of the painted ladies of the city is to occupy a position of enviable distinction, and to be a real "stage-door coonitie" is better than to be the writer of many books. Dear Mr. Blackacker, you really must have been mistaken about those "big aims." We are quite sure we are a gentleman and you know you really can't call our aspirations and longings "big aims." Let me race you right. A true gentleman is new to wear the most swaggar clothes, who talks in the most exaggerated way, who can drink and eat and swear, who can most readily succumber his (or some one else's) money and whose intimate associates are the ladies of the chorus and the gent ones of the turf. O yes, Mr. Blackacker, you were quite wrong; or else we are. Which?—Harper's Bazar.

Walter Besant.

Mr. Walter Besant is one of the few men of the day who may fairly claim to a high degree of success in attaining four different lines of intellectual effort. As a novelist, he is widely known on both sides of the Atlantic, and, by no means better known or more highly respected than by the readers of Harpers' series of lectures. As what may be called, for the sake of a better term, a social reformer, his little treatise on that interesting and remunerative institution, "The People's Palace," which has its origin in his book, "All Sorts and Conditions," has won Mr. Besant still being one of the best of his race. For more than twenty years he has been an active and efficient worker in connection with the Paesine Exploration Fund, of which organization he was for a long time the honorary secretary. In connection with Professor Palmer, far back as '87, he wrote a "History of the Survey" and has since been editor of the "Survey," a magazine, and one of the founders of the Paesine Trigram Society.

There is not space in this brief notice to trace in detail the peculiar and fruitful partnership between Mr. Besant and Mr. Ames Rice. The former, a most accident in 1871, and, as such, for ten years, until the death of Mr. Rice in 1881. In that time there were some cozier moments for them in this time, he writes a number of the stories. Besant was the most popular of the story writers as "The Golden Buttery" writer for Edmund Yates's World in 1876. Since the death of Mr. Rice, Mr. Besant has attained a wide repute by the production of his own pen. The most known of his books are "A Sort of and Conditions of Men," and "The Children of Gibion," which are, especially, to the life of the poor in the "London, London." But "Dorothy Foster," a story of the days of the "Protector," a historical novel, is a very strong work of a most trying time, in which the author's close study of the early days bears fruit. Mr. Besant is in the United States as a delegate to the Authors' Congress in Chicago, which meets July 10th, and is to prepare his views of the relations of authors and publishers—views that are very firm and vigorous and vigorous. He will previously visit New York and New Orleans. His "The Red Queen" is now running in Harper's Bazar—Harper's Weekly.

When God of old came down from heaven
In power and wrath he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Ea'f darkness and half flame.

Around the trembling mountain's base
The prostrate people lay;
A day of wrath and not of grace,
A dim and dreadful day.

But when he came the second time
He came in power and love,
Better than gales at morning prime
Hevee his holy dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dead,
Now gently light a glorious crown
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth.
Winged with the sinner's doom.
3a. These, like tongues, o'er all the earth
Proclaiming life to come.

And as on Israel's awestruck ear
The voice exceeding loud
The tramp that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud,
So when the spirit of our God
Came down his flock to find
A voice from heaven was heard abroad -
A rushing mighty wind.

Nor eoth the outward ear alone
At that high warning start,
Co: science gives back the appalling tone.
'Tis echoed in the heart.

It fills the church of God; it fills
The sinful world around.
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Fills ear and brain and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.
—Catholic Herald.

— E CONVOY —

Ah, yes, I know this life is but a breath.
I know the common end of all is death.
I've seen dear friends so often pass away
That death seems no more strange than does
the day.

And yet I cannot turn, however so hard I try,
That which we call the dead can ever be I.

And yet I know full well the time must come
When thou, like it, shalt be as still, and dumb;
When those I love will look on me with dread,
And friends to friends will whisper, "He is
dead."
Some few will grieve, and then the eyes will
cry,
Then smile, then laugh, although it be dead be I.
—Boston Transcript.

Education of Japanese Children.
The moral education of Japanese children is conducted partly at home and partly in school, and is based, largely upon the teachings of the history of the country. Intrinsic fear, keen society, directness of speech, extreme courtesy, implicit obedience to parents and superiors and ceremonial reverence and regard for old age—these are among the chief characteristics looked for in boys, while industry, gentleness, faithfulness and cheerful demeanor are re-

THE LOVE-ST'S FATHER WAS THE
ORIGINAL CRAWBEE.

**A Carefully Treasured Letter That Proves
That the Parent of Charles Dickens Farnished One of the Most Delightful Characters In Fiction**

This fresh and diverting character was, as we know, made directly from nature, and Dickens indeed might have answered, as Sam did in "The Star" eight years hence, "I think it my father." Sam was thirteen, with a comical if he had not meant his parent out. But every one can point to Mr. John Dickens, "member of the gallery," as the original of this sketch.

It used to be said that Mr. Bawdewer was a caricature, much overdrawn, not to mention anything we are likely to encounter in life. The truth is, the portrait was in exact copy, and, if anything, the painter's sort of the original was much fuller and more alive than was not its original. It is a species of the quaint formulae so much in the character, exhibited chiefly in the views of pecuniary transactions, and the views being taken on obligation could be satisfied by totum et flowthphasitology, and the setting forth in a still more plain and unobscure, as though he were proud of it.

[illegible]

G. U.—What charge can warrant such a gross intrusion? Warrant.

G. U.—You are not well-affected in looking if you're enough to wake the dead.

Tell us (first having made a proper nap).

What's the meaning of this procession?

Brab.—None of my daughter's.

G. U.—Who has done this? O hell!

Brab.—O hell!

G. U.—Call the man in and I will command silence.

What can you say, sir, in your own

Mr. Dickens's first presentation to the stage, as a friend, one Mr. Ayton, in the year 1842, interesting it with racial sociability. This page is from an unpublished tractate, written by Mr. Charles Dickens for private performance in his own family (1833), and it is in his own hand-writing. "The Great Unborn," says my humble servant, Joan D. (London, 6 June, 1842).

rea. On Dickens to just write one of the racy epistles given in the novel. By a rare chance, however, one of these tracts, which I came into my possession. Nothing more "characteristic," as Liza says it, could be desired, and an certain that all lovers of "Jo" will come with

measure the epistolary specimen of this classic character.

AL EDWARDS SILENT. FORTHESS SPOKE, AND THE
GENTLEMEN - It has occurred to me that at a
moment of some difficulty you may be willing
to extend to me your obliging assistance. If
not, I will not, or inconsistent with your ar-
rangement, to trouble you. I have written to in-
dicate Lie Forthe's name. I owe you from the
close bill for £20, due 7th April, with fore-
shillings, the amount of the note, and let
me have the balance, 245 £? Do - suppose
me, on any other footing, that that of an
act of obligation, and I will, and I assure
you, though small in amount, will differ from
others, matters of grave consideration, because
anything that should occasion my absence
from my duties in the Gallery would be pro-
hibited.

You may consider it an intrusion, that I
should apply to you in a moment of difficulty,
and I feel it to be so; but, recollecting how
your interests are bound up with those of my
age, I better myself if you can enter a favor
upon me, without transgressing any
rule that you have laid down, and without
inconvenience, you may feel disposed to do so.

I do not enhance it when I say that the fa-
vor, though small in amount, yet under the
circumstances would be signal obligation con-
ferred.

This is a rich, y characteristic production and has the true New venant air. There is nothing atter in the nove than the "possa" of the n. The writer, it v. b. "comin the favor" of the "sum" from the latter problematic al, and here—what is the point of the wole—"yet am have the atue, 215 '58," a "caughy" method of "discharging the debt, and mear ring a new and more substantial one." "A moment of some diffen'ty," which would be "the same," are equal ly character istic. Notable too is the "the same" paper in question not being "to be met" or "taken up!"—for as follows, and that it is "an act of o-ization, conferre, on us," as we, as the more significant, find that their "interests are bound up with those of my son." This seems to have his effect, or we find the minute-y calu- "inter- in another place in a different in" to "38. 40."

point of "inconvenience to them, yes," as though this was the only objection that could reasonably be presented by the firm, who would otherwise be assumed, he eager to honor his signature. "He craved a flourish at the close—'sacred obligation conferred, oh gentlemen, your oblige,'" etc.—was a favorite form of Mr. A's salutations. "The letter is incorrect, on its back," said Mr. Dickens, "I do not remember its own name, which seems mysterious—its words as though it had been returned to him."

Dated at Colorado Springs this 19th day of
 July, 1893.